THE Numb. 26

VIRGINIA GAZETTE.

Containing the freſheſt Advices, Foreign and Domeſtick.

From Friday, January 21, to Friday, January 28, 1736.

The MONITOR. N° 19.

Aliquis Carnifici ſuo ſuperſtes fuit. Sen.

IT is very certain, that there is not a more infectious Diſeaſe than that of Writing: And as my Admoniſher *Zoilus* obſerves, 'twou'd be a glorious Undertaking to clear the World of thoſe Vermin, call'd Scribblers, *Save One*! for it has been long obſerv'd, that Writing is quite uſeleſs, and the Spirit of it maintain'd only by Men of the Superideot Claſs.

How this Part of the World catch'd the Diſtemper is not yet found out; but there is no denying the Matter of Fact; therefore the Method I ſhou'd propoſe for an infallible Cure, is to have a Bill put up in every Pariſh Church, to pray for the Continuance of the hard Weather, and ſtarve them all, *Save One* ---- or, to compaſſionate their Misfortunes, make them uſeful, and employ them to more Advantage; that is, to ſet them to the Opening of Trenches to carry off all the Snow-Water, and prevent Inundations in our Cellars.

Various Diſtempers are treated with various Methods; and 'tis obſerv'd by Phyſicians, when they find the morbifick Matter too obſtinate to be purg'd away, they try to give it a Turn, and throw it into ſome other Part wher: the Conſequence may be leſs dangerous to the Patient.

My worthy Friend *Zoilus*, intimates, he was in a perfect good Humour when he wrote his Song: *I believe him ſincerely*: And, in Anſwer, I can aſſure him nothing can make me ill-natur'd, at this Juncture, but the want of Wood, and a chearful Glaſs: And, let the World wagg as it will, I am determin'd to ſteal nothing from him but his *Tune*; and I preſume that was not his own; therefore, upon a fair Indictment, we ſhall be found equally culpable.

The MONITOR *to Zoilus:*
A New Song:
To the Tune of, *To all ye Ladies now at Land*, &c.

SInce injur'd Wit is thus reliev'd,
By ſuch an able Pen,
Zoilus the Firſt! ----- the Firſt receiv'd,
We hope will write again;
Whoſe Works, no doubt, will ſtand the Teſt!
Believe me, Sirs, ----- they're void of Jeſt.
with a fa la.

If uſeful Leſſons you can teach,
Pray let them be conciſe;
No Matter whoſe they are you preach,
We will not criticiſe:
Do but obſerve the *Rule* laid down,
Hold forth ----- *But let it be your own.*
with a fa la.

To ſuccour common Senſe, 'tis true,
Is laudable and juſt;
But do you claim it as your Due,
Or are you but in Truſt?
For, if the Truth I muſt indite,
To common Senſe *You have no Right.*
with a fa la.

The Dogs you lately ſaw in Print,
Were ſilly Dogs indeed;
Zoilus, my Friend, take back your Hint,
And probe them 'till they bleed:
Since they have given ſuch Offence,
Pray ſpare but One ---- *The Dog of Senſe.*
with a fa la.

Mr. *Parks*,

I Have been in ſeveral Companies lately, in which I cou'd have ſpent an Hour or Two very agreeably, if we had not been diſturb'd by the Impertinence of One or Two among us, who were inceſſantly Harranguing us with incredible Accounts of their own Travels and Adventures, or tireſome Stories, without Head or Tail, which were neither Diverting or Improving, Jogging the Elbows, or pulling the Buttons of thoſe ſitting next them, to excite their Attention, Ingroſſing the whole Diſcourſe to themſelves, and Interrupting others who attempted to ſpeak; by which Means they have not only render'd themſelves obnoxious to, but ſometimes broke up the Company: To remedy ſuch Evils for the future, I cannot recommend to the Public, a better Piece than the following one, taken out of the INTELLIGENCERS, which I hope, will not only be pleaſing to your Readers, but alſo prove a ſufficient Remedy to cure thoſe unhappy Perſons of that Diſtemper, ſo fatal to good Society.

Sermo datur cunctis, animi ſapientia paucis. Cato.

THERE is one Kind of Converſation, which every one aims at, and every one almoſt fails in; it is that of Story-telling. I know not any Thing which engages our Attention with more Delight, when a Perſon has a ſufficient Stock of Talents neceſſary for it, ſuch as good Senſe, true Humour, a clear Head, a ready Command of Language, and a Variety of proper Geſtures, to give Life and Spirit to what he ſays. If any of theſe be wanting, the Liſtners, inſtead of being diverted, are diſobliged; but if the Perſon be utterly void of them all, as is very often the Caſe, he becomes a Nuiſance to the Company, and they are ſo long upon the Rack as he ſpeaks. It has ſometimes fallen to my Lot, that a Man whom I never offended, has laid me under the Perſecution of a long Story, and compell'd me to hear, what neither concerned himſelf, nor me, nor indeed any Body elſe, and at the ſame Time he was as much in Earneſt, as if both our Lives and Fortunes, and the Felicity of the whole Kingdom depended upon what he ſaid. A Humour very unaccountable! That a Man ſhall be letting off Words for an Hour or Two, with a very innocent Intention, and after he has done his beſt, only makes me uneaſy, and himſelf contemptible.

This natural Infirmity in Men, is not only confined to Story-telling, but it appears likewiſe in every Eſſay whatſoever of their Intellectuals. As for Inſtance; if one of theſe be a Preacher of God's Word, by far fetched Criticiſms, numerous Diviſions, and Sub-diviſions, incoherent Digreſſions, tedious Repetitions, uſeleſs Remarks, weak Anſwers to ſtrong Objections, Inferences to no Premiſes, tedious Exhortations, and many other Methods of Protraction, he ſhall draw you out a Diſcourſe for an Hour and a Quarter, unequally diſpenſing Opium and Edification

Edification to his Flock, there being Seven Sleepers for One Hearer. If he be a Lawyer, he ſhall, by an uncommon Way of Amuſement, run away with a Subject, which might be explained in Two Minuets, and dilate upon it Two Hours, with ſuch a Volubility of Tongue, ſuch Affluence of Expreſſion, with ſomething ſo like a good Style, and Manner of Thinking, that the Judges and Jury attend with as much Gravity, as if there were a continued Chain of true Reaſoning and ſolid Argument. If he be a Member of the Upper or Lower Houſe, he does not proceed Four Sentences, before the reſt know where to have him an Hour hence; in the mean Time they divert one another, in talking of Matters indifferent, till the Gentleman has done. I could give many more Inſtances, but that I think theſe ſufficient for my preſent Purpoſe; beſide, leſt I ſhould incur the like Reproach my ſelf, I muſt, in a few Words, divide the *Story-tellers* into *the ſhort*, *the long*, *the marvellous*, *the inſipid*, and *the delightful*.

The *ſhort Story-teller* is he, who tells a great deal in few Words, engages your Attention, pleaſes your Imagination, or quickly excites your Laughter. Of this Rank were *Xenophon*, *Plutarch*, *Macrobius*, among the Ancients. *Ex. gr.*

When the *Nephelai* of *Ariſtophanes*, a Satyr upon *Socrates* was acting, his Friends deſired him to retire, and hide behind them. No, ſaid *Socrates*, I will ſtand up here, where I may be ſeen; for now I think my ſelf like a good Feaſt, and that every one has a Share of me. *Vid. Feaſt of Xenophon.*

Braſidas, the famous *Lacedæmonian* General, caught a *Mouſe*: It bit him, and by that Means made its Eſcape. O *Jupiter*, ſaid he, what Creature ſo contemptible, but may have its Liberty if it will contend for it? *Vid. Plutarch. de profect. virtut.*

Diogenes having ſailed to *Chios*, while it was under the Dominion of the *Perſians*, ſaid in a full Aſſembly, the Inhabitants were Fools for erecting a College, and building of Temples, ſince the *Perſians* would not allow them the Privilege of making their own *Prieſts*, but ſent them over the moſt illiterate of their *Magi*.

Auguſtus while he was encamped with his Army ſome where near *Mantua*, was diſturbed Three Nights ſucceſſively, by the Hooting of an *Owl*. Proclamation was made to the Soldiers, that whoever caught the Offender, (ſo that he might be brought to Juſtice) ſhould have an ample Reward for his Pains. Every one was loyally engaged in the Purſuit of this *Bird*: At laſt, one more vigilant than the reſt, found him in a hollow Tree, ſo brought him in Triumph to the Emperor, who ſaw him with the greateſt Joy, but gave the Soldier a Sum of Money, ſo far below his Expectation, that he let the *Owl* fly away that Inſtant. So true a Senſe of Liberty ran through the very meaneſt of the *Romans*. *Macrob. Sat.*

The *Long Story-teller* is one who tells little or nothing in a great Number of Words; for this many among the Moderns are famous, particularly the *French*; and, among our ſelves in this Kingdom, we have a vaſt Number of the better Sort. As well as I can recollect, there are Six Deans, Four Judges, Six and Thirty Councellors at Law, Sixty Five Attornies, ſome few Fellows of the College, every Alderman through the whole Nation, except One. All old Gentlemen and Ladies, without Exception, Five of the College of Phyſicians, Three or Four Lords, Two Hundred 'Squires, and ſome few People of Diſtinction beſide.

I ſhall here inſert a Fragment of a long Story, by Way of Example, containing a Hundred and Twenty Nine Words, which might have been ſaid in theſe Ten following, *viz. Nine Years ago I was to preach for a Friend.*

I Remember once, I think it was about Seven Years ago---No I lye, it was about Nine Years ago; for it was juſt when my Wife was *Lying-in of Dicky*; I remember particularly, the Mid-wife would have had me ſtay, to keep her Company, and it was the heavieſt Day of Storm and Rain, that I ever ſaw before or ſince, but becauſe I engaged to preach for a very worthy Friend of mine, who lived about Twenty Miles off, and this being *Saturday*, I could not defer it till the next Morning, though I had an excellent Nag, which could have rid it in Three Hours, I bought him of a Neighbour, one Mr. *Maſterſon*, yet becauſe I would not put my Friend in a Fright, *&c.* Thus far he went in one Minute. The Story laſted an Hour, ſo that upon a fair Computation he ſpoke 7740 Words, inſtead of 600, by which Means he made Uſe of 7140 more than he had Occaſion for. If a right Application were made of this Hint which I have given, it would be of admirable Effect in the Diſpatch of publick Buſineſs, as well as private Converſation; nay, in the very Writing of Books, for which I refer the Reader to the *Fable of the Bees*, and the Two elaborate Treatiſes, written by the learned Mr. *H-----n.*

The *Marvellous*, is he who is fond of telling ſuch Things as no Man alive, who has the leaſt Uſe of his Reaſon, can believe. This Humour prevails very much in Travellers, and the vain-glorious, but very pardonable, becauſe no Man's Faith is impoſed upon, or if it ſhould be ſo, ill Conſequence attends Perſons ſeriouſly extravagant, expecting another ſhould give Credit to what he knows impoſſible for the greateſt Dunce to ſwallow.

One of theſe, who had travell'd to *Damaſcus*, told his Company, that the *Bees* of that Country were as big as *Turkies*. Pray, Sir, ſaid a Gentleman (begging Pardon for the Queſtion) how large were the Hives? The ſame Size with ours, replied the Traveller. Very ſtrange, ſaid the other. But how got they into their Hives? That is none of my Buſineſs, I ſaid let them look to that.

Another, who had travell'd as far as *Perſia*, ſpoke to his Man *John*, as he was returning Home, telling him, how neceſſary it was, that a Traveller ſhould draw Things beyond the Life, otherwiſe he could not hope for that Reſpect from his Countrymen, which otherwiſe he might have. But at the ſame Time, *John*, ſaid he, whereſoever I ſhall dine, or ſup, keep you cloſe to my Chair, and if I do very much exceed the Bounds of Truth, punch me behind, that I may correct myſelf. It happened on a Day, that he dined with a certain Gentleman, who ſhall be nameleſs, where he affirmed, that he ſaw a *Monkey* in the Iſland *Borneo*, which had a Tail threeſcore Yards long. *John* punched him. I am certain it is Fifty at leaſt. *John* punched again. I believe to ſpeak within Compaſs, for I did not meaſure it, it muſt have been Forty. *John* gave him t'other Touch. I remember it lay over a Quicklet Hedge, and therefore could not be leſs than Thirty. *John* at him again. I could take my Oath it was Twenty. This did not ſatisfy *John*. Upon which the Maſter turned about in a Rage, and ſaid, Damn you for a Puppy, would you have the *Monkey* without any Tail at all?

Did not the famous Dr. *Burnet*, whoſe Hiſtory is much of the ſame Stamp with his Travels, affirm, that he ſaw an *Elephant* play at Ball? And that grave Gentleman *Ysbrant Ides* in his Travels through *Muſcovy*, to *China*, aſſures us, that he ſaw *Elephants*, which were taught to low like *Cows*, to yell like *Tigers*, and to mimick the ſounding of a Trumpet; but their higheſt Perfection, as he relates it, was that of ſinging like Canary Birds. However this is not ſo marvellous (for *Pliny* relates wonderful Things of their Docility) as what a Gentleman told a full Company, in my hearing within this Fortnight. That he had ſeen a Show at *Briſtol*, which was a *Hare*, taught to ſtand upon her hind Legs and bow to all the Company, to each Perſon in particular, with a very good Grace, and then proceed to beat ſeveral Marches on the Drum. After this, a *Dog* was ſet upon the Table. His Maſter, the *Show-Man*, made many grievous Complaints againſt him, for High Crimes and Miſdemeanors. The *Hare* knits her Brows, kindles her Eyes like a Lady, falls in a Paſſion, attacks the *Dog* with all her Rage and Fury, as if ſhe had been his Wife, ſcratches, bites, and cuffs him round the Table, till the Spectators had enough for their Money.

There is a certain Gentleman, now in *Ireland*, moſt remarkably fond of the *Marvellous*, (but this through Vanity) who among an infinite Number of the like Rarities, affirms, that he has a *Carp* in a Pond, by it ſelf, which for Twenty Years paſt ſupplied him and his Friends with a very good Diſh of Fiſh, when they either come

to

to dine or ſup with him. And the Manner of it is thus. The Cook comes and goes with a large Kitchen knife, which has a Whiſtle in its Handle; ſhe no ſooner blows it, but the *Carp* comes to the Sluice and turns up its Belly, till ſhe cuts out as much as ſhe has Occaſion for, and then away it ſcuds. The Chaſm is filled in a Day or Two, and the *Carp* is as ſound as a *Roach*, ready for the Knife again. Now if he and his Cook maid took the moſt ſolemn Oath to the Truth of this, or the moſt ſanctified *Quaker* ſhould ſay Yea to it, which is made equal to any Prelate's Oath, I would no more give Credit to them, than I would to the *Colonel*, who ſaid he was at the Battle of *Landen*, where his Majeſty King *William*, of glorious Memory, loſt the Day: And this *Colonel*, being in the utmoſt Confuſion, fled among the reſt: He ſwore he had galloped above Two Miles after his Horſe's Head was ſhot off, by a Cannon-ball, which he ſhould not have miſſed, if the poor Creature had not ſtooped at a River's Side to drink.

I ſhould be glad to ſpend an Evening with half a Dozen Gentlemen of this uncommon Genius, for I am certain they would improve upon one another, and thereby I might have an Opportunity of obſerving how far the Marvellous could be carried, or whether it has any Bounds at all.

The *Inſipid*, who may not unfitly be called *Soporifick*, is one who goes plodding on in a heavy dull Relation of unimportant Facts: You ſhall have an Account from ſuch a Perſon, of ever minute Circumſtance which happened in the Company where he has been, what he did, and what they did, what they ſaid, and what he ſaid, with a Million of trite Phraſes, with an *and ſo* beginning every Sentence; and *to make a long Story ſhort*; and, *as I was ſaying*, with many more Expletives of equal Signification. It is a moſt dreadful Thing, when Men have neither the Talent of Speaking, nor the Diſcretion of holding their Tongues, and that of all People, ſuch as are leaſt qualified, are commonly the moſt earneſt in this Way of Converſation.

The *Delightful Story-teller* is one, who ſpeaks not a Word too much, or too little, who can, in a very careleſs Manner, give a great deal of Pleaſure to others, and deſires rather to divert, than be applauded; who ſhews good Underſtanding, and a delicate Turn of Wit in every Thing which comes from him; who can entertain his Company better with the Hiſtory of a Child and its *Hobby-Horſe*, than one of the *Soporifocks* can with an Account of *Alexander* and *Bucephalus*. Such a Perſon is not unlike a bad Reader, who makes the moſt ingenious Piece his own, that is, dull and deteſtable, by only coming through his Mouth. But to return to the delightful *Story-teller*. I cannot deſcribe him by any Words ſo well as his own, and therefore take the following Story to ſhew him in the moſt agreeable Light.

A *Mountebank in* Leiceſter-Fields, *had drawn a huge Aſſembly about him; among the reſt a fat unwieldy Fellow, half ſtifled in the Preſs, would be every Fit crying out, Lord! what a filthy Crowd is here! pray good People give Way a little! bleſs me! what a Devil has raked this Rabble together? Zounds, what ſqueezing is this? Honeſt Friend remove your Elbow. At laſt a Weaver that ſtood next him could hold no longer. A Plague confound you, ſaid he, for an over-grown Sloven, ev'l who in the Devil's Name helps to make up the Crowd half ſo much as your ſelf? Don't you conſider (with a Pox) that you take up more Room with that Carcaſs than any Five here? Is not the place as fit for us as for you? Bring your own Guts to a reaſonable Compaſs (and be damn'd) and then I'll engage we ſhall have Room enough for us all.*

This I have tranſcribed from a moſt celebrated Author, with great Pleaſure, and do earneſtly recommend it to my Countrymen, as the true Standard of *Story-telling*, both as to Style and Manner, and every Thing requiſite not only to pleaſe the Hearer, but to gain his Favour and Affection. And for the Time to come, be it enacted, that if any Perſon, of what Rank ſoever, ſhall preſume to exceed Six Minutes in a Story, to *hum* or *haw*, uſe *Hyphens* between his Words, or Digreſſions, or offer to engage the Company to hear another Story when he has done, or ſpeaks one Word more than is neceſſary, or is a Stammerer in his Speech, that then it ſhall, and may be lawful, for any one of the ſaid Company, or the whole Company together, to pull out his, hers, or their Watches, to make Uſe of broad Hints, or Inuendo's for him the ſaid *Story-teller*, to break off, although abruptly; otherwiſe he is to have a Glove, or Handkerchief, crammed into his Mouth for the firſt Default, and for the ſecond, to be kicked out of Company.

Edinburg, Auguſt 12, 1736.

SAturday laſt died here Jean Aire, Spouſe of Alexander Herdman, Vintner, and on Sunday laſt was interred: On Monday, Sarah Stark (an old Acquaintance of Mr. Herdman's) came to ſolace him in Affliction, and was even ſo kind, as to condeſcend to put up with him all Night; which taking Air, the Garriſon was attack'd in form early next Morning by a vaſt Mob; the Kirk-Treaſurer came alſo to put in his Claim, and the Creditors to ſecure their Property. In this ſad Caſe ſtood poor Herdman for ſome Time, arguing (from within) to the Crowd, That he was actually married to his beloved Sally, that he who marries does well; that he knew no Law, nor Impediment, why he might not take a Girl with the one Hand, the Moment he dropt his Wife into the Grave with the other, if 'twas not the Whim of Decency; and finally, that neither his Circumſtances nor Inclinations could admit of any longer Widowhood. But how far his Rhetorick was reaſonable, could not well be diſcuſſed there: They were both carried to the Council Chamber, and, after Examination, Madam was ſent to the Guard; and the intended Bridegroom ordered to find Bail: But he ſtrenuouſly inſiſting, that they were at leaſt virtually and intentionally wedded, and that if there was ſtill any Formality requiſite, he and ſhe were moſt willing, that their Honours (as Juſtices) ſhould ſupply what ſeem'd wanting to make them Spouſes: The Magiſtrates after ſeriouſly weighing the Caſe, and to prevent Inconveniences, thought proper to cauſe Miſs to be again brought before them; and upon hearing them mutually, ſeriouſly, and ſolemnly, emit their Inclinations, declared them married Perſons. Making each a Bow, they returned to their Habitation Hand in Hand, accompanied by a vaſt Retinue, tho' not of the moſt complaiſant Part of Mankind. However, their Humour ſeems now pretty much ſubſided: A Wonder laſts but Nine Nights ----- and their Creditors have ſuperſeded Diligence, in hopes their Marriage may, after all, become productive of Plenty. A croſs Begining has often prov'd the Mother of Felicity.

London, Oct. 5. The Right Honourable Thomas Lord Wyndham, Lord High Chancellor of Ireland, being juſt arriv'd from that Kingdom, waited on her Majeſty at Kenſington on Sunday laſt, and was graciouſly receiv'd, and had the Honour of kiſſing her Majeſty's Hand; yeſterday his Lordſhip waited on the Prince and Princeſs of Wales, and had the Honour of kiſſing their Highneſſes Hands, and met with a gracious Reception.

Laſt Week died the Lady Catharine Shirley, Siſter to the Right Honourable the Earl Ferrers, being Daughter of the Right Honourable the Earl Ferrers by his firſt Lady Elizabeth, Daughter and Heir to Lawrence Waſhington, of Careſdon in Wilts, Eſq; alſo Siſter to Waſhington the late Earl.

An Information has been lodg'd at the Board of Exciſe by ſome Diſtillers, againſt a certain Apothecary in Tooley-ſtreet, for ſelling Quantities of Gin by Retail ſince the Commencement of the late Act; but we hear their Honours order'd it to lie on the Table, the Gentlemen of the Faculty being allow'd by the Act the Liberty of reliving a ſick Patient. *It is very hard, Hundreds of People that have laid out their All in Trade, ſhould at once be depriv'd of it; and Perſons not brought up to it, taking the Bread out of their Mouths, under Pretence of relieving the Sick; at that Rate, all the Gin-Drinkers will be ſick, and it will be only the Apothecaries robbing the Diſtillers of their Trade, and the ill Conſequences complain'd of, not remedied.*

The Betſy Sloop of Jamaica, being not far from Rio de la Hache, was lately run away with by her Mate, who firſt ſhot the Maſter (Capt. Weir) thro' the Head.

We hear that Vaughan, Sutton, and ſome others, who were tranſported but a few Months ago, are returned from Tranſportation, and have been ſeen about Town. It is certain Numbers do return from Tranſportation; but it being ſo much Trouble to bring them down to the Old Bailey, prove them to be the Perſons tranſported, and that did the Fact tranſported for, that People don't care for the Trouble of it; eſpecially ſince the Trying of them for the Fact tranſported for, is too often attended with great Trouble and Expence, that poor People are ſcarce able to ſupport it, by which Means Rogues often eſcape.

Two notorious Horſe ſtealers, viz. Thomas Ellington, and William Groves, who lately receiv'd Sentence of Death at Reading, but had the good Luck to be repriv'd in order for Tranſportation, and being ſhortly to be put on board for the Plantations in America, have thought it convenient to equip themſelves with a little Money before their Departure; to that Purpoſe they have wrote circular Letters to many Perſons in different Countries to let them know, (on the Paiment of Five Shillings for every Horſe) where they are to be met with, who by that Means have had them again, except ſome whoſe Horſes are remote in diſtant Countries they have not thought it worth while to ſee after them; but as they have, in a Letter to a Farmer near Briſtol, (from whom they ſtole a Horſe and ſold him in the County of Cornwall) mention'd their ſtealing Two Horſes from Mr. Harmer, in Temple-ſtreet, Briſtol; and a Sorrel Mare and a black Colt about 14 Hands high, from a Ground at Stokes-Croft, about Nine Months ſince, the Property of Mr. Parmiter, and they have accordingly had Notice thereof. Thoſe Fellows confeſs that they have follow'd their Buſineſs ſo induſtriouſly, that they have ſtolen Forty Horſes in a Fortnight, in Company with one Thomas Jones, who they call Maſter, and well known by the Name of the Old Quaker; he affected the Manner, Dreſs and Stile of the People of that Profeſſion, by which Hypocriſy the Unwary the more readily bought his ſtolen Horſes; but what is the moſt remarkable of him, he turn'd Evidence againſt his Two Servants, Ellington, and Groves, on their being all Three apprehended in Berkſhire, and, as they receiv'd Sentence of Death, he was diſcharg'd; but immediately following the old Trade, he was again apprehended and committed to Chelmsford Goal, and executed the 18th of Auguſt laſt.

London, Octob. 6. One Night laſt Week, an unpolite unfaſhionable Fellow, a Cork Cutter, in Sheppard's Alley near Garlick-Hill, coming Home late, tho' ſooner than expected, and going into his Bed-chamber, catch'd one Mr. Ivy, a Surgeon, juſt jump'd out of Bed from his Wife, and was putting on his Breeches; on which the Cork-Cutter immediately drew his Knife out, cut him acroſs the Breaſt, and ſtabb'd him in Two or Three Places on the Side of his Belly; he languiſhed till Monday laſt, and then died. On Tueſday laſt, the Coroner's Inqueſt ſate on the Body, and adjourn'd to Tueſday next, in order that the Body may be open'd, and the Surgeons examin'd. ----This can be but Manſlaughter, according to Maddy's Caſe in 1 Ventris p. 158. for Maddy coming Home, found one Mavers in the Act of Adultery with his Wife, and immediately he took a Stool and ſtruck Mavers on the Head, ſo that he inſtantly died; and the Court were all of Opinion that it was but Manſlaughter, the Provocation being exceeding great.

They write from Leghorn, that the Maſter of a Tartane from Smyrna reports, that the Engliſh Conſul there had, by Virtue of an Order from his Court, ſeized all the Seamen and ſequeſtred the Ship commanded by Capt. Dick, who carried Lord Theodore to Corſica, and who piſtol'd himſelf upon Advice he receiv'd that he was to be put in Arreſt. Yeſterday a Genoeſe Galley enter'd this Porte, to take on board the 12 Turks lately eſcap'd from Corſica.

Williamsburg, January 28. The Weather has been ſo exceſſive bad, for ſome Time paſt, that there has been ſcarce any paſſing the Rivers, for Ice, or travelling for Snow. And we have Accounts from ſeveral Places, of Perſons being frozen to Death, and others drowned, by attempting to croſs the Rivers. No Poſt has come from the Northward theſe 6 Weeks; and we may reaſonably conclude, that as the Weather is ſo ſevere here, it is worſe there.

We hear from *Prince George* County, That Colonel *Thomas Ravenſcroft*, formerly one of the Repreſentatives of that County, died there lately.

On Wedneſday came into *York* River, the Ship *Bridget*, Capt. ------ *Clark*, from *Potomack*, loaden with Tobacco, bound for *Briſtol*: But they met with ſuch ſuch violent Weather in the Bay, that damag'd her Rigging and Sails very much, and obliged them to cut away the Main-maſt, for fear of driving on the Eaſtern Shore. The Captain, and ſeveral of his Men, are much Froſt-bitten; and it was with great Difficulty they got into *York* River, to refit, being render'd unable to proceed on her Voiage.

Yeſterday arrived in *York* River, the Ship *Cato*, Capt. *Whiteſides*, and the Ship *Pretty Patſey*, Capt. *John Whiting*, from *London*, in about 7 Weeks: By whom we have the following Advices.

London, Oct. 28. On Monday Night between 7 and 8 Mr. George Kelly made his Eſcape from the Tower, where he has been impriſon'd ever ſince the Biſhop of Rocheſter's Affair in 1723. A Reward of 200 l. is offer'd for apprehending him. 'Tis thought he is gone to France.

London, November 6. The Motions of France plainly demonſtrate the great Intereſt ſhe has in the Preſervation of the Turkiſh Power in Europe; for they write from Petersbourg of the 16th of October, that they are in daily Expectation there of the Arrival of a Miniſter from the French Court, with Propoſals relating to a Peace between the Ruſſian and Ottoman Empires.

The Turks and Ruſſians, are gone into Winter Quarters, and the Grand Vizir return'd to Conſtantinople, having left his Army miſerably weaken'd by Sickneſs and Deſertion. 'Tis not doubted but the Czarina will be able to make a Peace upon her own Terms before Spring, the Sophi of Perſia enlarging his Demands every Day, the Emperor juſt ready to make an Invaſion, the Country drain'd of Men, the Seraglio exhauſted of Money, the whole Empire groaning under miſerable Oppreſſions, and the Metropolis, which receiv'd its Proviſions principally from Crim Tartary, already pinch'd with Scarcity, and dreading a Famine.

Letters from Venice, talk of nothing but warlike Preparations there.

We have Advice from Madrid, That Don Patinho, the Prime Miniſter of Spain, is dead.

On Monday Night Mr. Sanders, one of his Majeſty's Meſſengers, arrived at Kenſington with Letters for her Majeſty from the King; but we do not hear that there is yet any certain Time fix'd for his Majeſty's Return to England.

Letters from Dublin ſay, they have private Letters from Avignon in France, which inform them, that the late Duke of Ormond, is going to be married to a young French Marchioneſs, a Lady of exquiſite Beauty, and an immenſe Fortune.

November 12. Sir John Norris's Squadron is to be reinforced by Three Men of War, and to continue before Lisbon 'til the Spring.

Monday laſt, an Expreſs arrived here from Mr. Robinſon, his Majeſty's Miniſter at the Court of Vienna, with an Account, that his Imperial Majeſty had actually began to make a Reduction of his Army on the Rhine.

Her Majeſty is indiſpoſed with the Gout at Kenſington.

His Majeſty has been pleaſed to grant unto William Janſſen, Eſq; the Office of Provoſt-Marſhal-General of his Majeſty's Leeward Caribbee Iſlands in America, void by the Surrender of Patrick Crauford, Eſq;

On Tueſday the Right Hon. the Lord Sidney Beauclerck, ſecond Brother to his Grace the Duke of St. Albans, was married at St. James's Chapel, to Miſs Norris of Pall-Mall, Niece to the late Lord Crew, a beautiful young Lady, with a Fortune of 60,000 l.

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And Book-Binding is done reaſonably, in the beſt Manner.